

# It Will Delight You "SATADA" ORANGE PEKOE TEA

Perfectly balanced—superb in flavour.

## A Road's Unfolding.

I had been told of a road that ran for many miles southward by the Alps until it ended at the Mediterranean and I sought it. When I left it, I wondered if there was another such in the world.

It takes you where the fields are small, but are full of folk; where the villages are plastered like swallows' nests, high up on the faces of cliffs, with a church and a castle over all; where the church bells have a peculiarly peaceful note.

It is a road of the mountains. It rises as high as eight thousand feet, and day after day, progress consists in winding up one side to wind down on the other. It is a road of great moments.

Usually near the top of the coils, the slope flattens and the last stage in the ascent of the gray, barren peaks begins with meadows and trees or shrubs. On either hand the summits tower, frequently clothed in snow, and in front is the saddle-dip over which the road is carried. Behind and below, the road and the river run back into the blue mist, huge delicately tinted ranges keep the horizon, Mont Blanc being rarely absent; and you know that a few yards ahead at the summit you will look upon another wonderful panorama of valley and mountain lying before you. At this point you hear the tinkling bell of a drowsing cow and through the trees a house appears.

I hope that for many centuries yet there will be people, who, on these high meadow slopes shut in by the gray jagged peaks, will wish to pause and wander up the mountain paths, to dally by the streams, to see the sun setting and rising, and to feel the awe of the wonderful land of forest and stream and village and mountain lying below, beyond and above.

Not a mile of the hundreds was dull. The contrasts were light some. Gray, bare mountains looked down upon one of the sunniest and happiest of broad elevated basins.

The valley below, where a crowd of people were in the fields lifting potatoes with mules and oxen and carts, was the sunniest and happiest of the places we went through.

From that we plunged into deep river gorges, the rocks on both sides rising sheer as a stone falls for hundreds of feet above us, the clear blue waters from the snow fields above rushing and foaming down over great boulders, twisting round sharp corners, leaping over stone walls, the rocks through which the road was cut hanging over us.

Thus the scenes were unfolded, until, at last through a gap in the hills we saw a short straight line on the horizon and a blizzard below it. Then we knew we had reached the sea and the end of the road.—J. Ramsey MacDonald, in "Wanderings and Excursions."

## Task for the League.

Protecting children from undesirable moving pictures seems at first thought to be a rather surprising task for the League of Nations to undertake; but when the interchange of films from one country to another is taken into account, the action becomes both logical and commendable. The plan that is advocated is the creation of central censorship boards in the member countries, which shall prohibit the showing of pictures that tend to degrade the minds and morals of young people, and shall encourage those that educate.

## The Blue Asbestos.

Blue asbestos, which occurs only in South Africa, is a better non-conductor of heat than ordinary white asbestos.

## Good for All the Family



## SMARTLY CORRECT.

This season the two-piece frock rules over a wider domain than ever, and on many days, the hours of its reign extend from morning to evening. Therefore, it must be practical, yet combine as well, a semi-formal charm for leisurely events. The model pictured here is a typical example of a sports costume that is smartly correct for either a morning of shopping, or an afternoon of bridge. The jumper shows a high, turn-down collar, joined to a vestee with button trimming, and odd-shaped patch pockets that support a narrow tie belt. It has long set-in sleeves gathered to deep cuffs at the wrists. The skirt, attached to a body lining, is box-plaited at the front only. No. 1261 is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 years requires 1 1/2 yards 36-inch plain material for skirt, with 1/2 yard lining for bodice top; blouse requires 2 1/4 yards 36-inch figured material, and 1/4 yard plain contrasting. Price 20 cents.

## HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 78 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

## Wily Scotch Angler.

Anglers will enjoy the anecdote of a foxey old Scot who, while fishing in forbidden waters, saw the head gamekeeper coming his way. Hastily the Scotman pulled out his bait and on the hook stuck a potato the size of a big egg. Then up came the keeper, who said: "What are you fishing there for?" Sandy said nothing, merely pulled in his line, stuck the potato on a little firmer and threw it back into the water, at the same time putting his finger to his lips to ask the keeper to keep quiet and not frighten the fish. The keeper looked at him for a few minutes and decided there was no harm in letting a lunatic fool around with a potato for bait and so went his way. Later in the evening as the keeper was coming out of a tavern he saw the Scot with a creel full of fine fish. "Great Hoots, mon," said he in astonishment, "did ye catch all those fish with a potato?" "Ah, nay," replied the Scot, "as he walked away "it was only you that I caught with the tate."

## Poetry.

Poetry? The smile on a baby's face, The perfume of a rose, The laugh of happy children, The Autumn wind that blows, The bright wings of the butterfly, The crimson and gold of the evening sky. —Scottie McKenzie Fraser, from "Things That Are Mine."

Raising the lid of a new receptacle for cigarettes intended for home use starts a music box to playing a tune.

Minard's Liniment for Backache.

# THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

## CHAPTER II.

### The Superheterodyne Dance.

Craig Kennedy, scientific detective, interested in the Radio Gang which has been preying on wealthy families in the North Shore colony, has given a box party at the great championship football game at Rockledge University. Present are his nephew, Ken Adams, and his pal, Dick Gerard, Boy Scouts in the Prep School; his niece, Ruth Adams, whose sweetheart, the radio genius, Easton Evans, is captain of the team; Vira Gerard, Ruth's chum, and her fiancé, Glenn Buckley; a sports couple, Rae Larse and Jack Curtis; together with Professor Varlo, head of the great Radio Corporation, also in love with Ruth. Rockledge wins in the last thirty seconds and a radio dance is planned in honor of

springing up had done no damage to the outside aerial. In disgust the Stanley sisters turned to dancing together. "Say, Dick, I think this wind is going to blow up a storm," winked Ken as they cast about for some other excuse to avoid the dance floor when this one was worn out. "Think so? Don't you know it? See that flash—and the thunder. That's not far away." "I guess we'd better go in. Besides, I want to see how this new machine acts with the static. Come on, Dick." Rain had already begun to fall as the boys scooted for the house. Around in the parking space of the drive some one was busy closing windows of closed cars, putting up slide curtains on open cars. "All jazzed by Nature's jazz," the boys heard someone in the living room porch say. The broadcasting of the orchestra in the palm-room of the new hotel in the city was seriously interfered with. But although the dance here also at Oldfield was interfered with, the dancers were bound to let nothing break it up. Already a couple were pushing out a victrola and selecting records. Others closed the French windows to keep out a sudden gust of wind and deluge of rain.

Had Ken and Dick only been on the east side of the house, just around a wing from where the cars were parked, they would have seen something that would have made their adventurous hearts stop beating. Someone was sneaking, two figures, in the dusk of the rain, along the wall, until they came to a spot where the telephone wires entered the house. Quickly with a wire-cutter, the connection with the outside world was snipped. Then the figures retreated to the shelter of an ell in the building. There was a burst of nature's fireworks.

Suppose the lightning blows a fuse—or the power house shuts off the current—"So much the better. You can see sparklers in the dark with an electric bulb's eye, can't you? I've a good mind to assist the storm; those lights, anyhow." One of the pair had produced a heavy rubber glove and was considering it as he held the wire-cutter in the insulated hand, when there came a sudden deep-lunged bark from the direction of the car.

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The sombre figure in the shadow dived into the cellar. A moment later there came a particularly brilliant flash of lightning. The next instant there was just a spark in the cellar as the feed wire was clipped—and sudden darkness, consternation, upstairs among the dancers. "Where's Vira? Mrs. Gerard—can't we find the candles for you?" It was Ken, always the Scout in him uppermost, ready to do a helpful turn to everybody in need. "Come on, Dick, you show me where the candles are, I'm sure the current will go on again in a moment, Mrs. Gerard. Now, don't anybody get excited. We'll have lights in a moment!"

There was another sudden flash of lightning. Then a flash of light that did not die away so quickly, a shaft of light, through and along the porch. Quietly in the swirl of the storm, one of the French doors was flung open. The shaft of light from a pocket electric flashlight made a quick circuit of the startled faces in the interior room. Back of it a sensitive eye might have discerned two shadowy figures, a man and a girl, each with face hastily covered with a handkerchief.

"Stick 'em up! Don't move! Not one of you! Don't make a sound! Remember, a fly can pump out of this automatic gat, I got you all covered with!"

Ken did not argue it, but dutifully called the beautiful colle out. "That was comparatively easy as far as Ken was concerned. But there was worse in store for him. Dobbs, the Gerard chauffeur, had just arrived with a couple of very sub-debs, the Stanley girls from across at Crane's Point. It was only then that Ken realized that it was a superheterodyne dance. Hitherto it had been reception—over the new radio. Now he and Dick were supposed to play group-ups, and do the honors. The boys rebelled—and were too polite to show it openly.

They had been over looking closely at the construction of the new superheterodyne when the Stanley girls arrived. Their mothers had to call them to attract their attention. However, now that they were in for it, the boys tried to make the best of it. Dancing with girls, little or big, was not just in their line at that age. They were good dancers, but then a new superheterodyne was something, too!

Dinner was served and between courses and dances on the porch and light-hearted chaffing of Easton and the rest, the gayety was rising high under the stimulus of one of the most spectacular victories that Rockledge had ever won. "Kennedy and myself had some matters to attend to at the Nonowantuc Club, and had promised to drop in before the evening was over, more especially as there were some problems of radio construction Craig desired to put to Professor Varlo."

Between dining and dancing the evening had prolonged itself very pleasantly. Vira had succeeded in getting more dances with Glenn than she, and Easton had practically monopolized Ruth to the discomfort of Professor Varlo. Reluctantly Ken and Dick had danced with the Stanley girls, until Ken gave Dick the high sign. The boys succeeded in making some temporary excuse, as the radio gave a squawk, and Easton was adjusting, that they had better go out and make sure that the high wind that was

springing up had done no damage to the outside aerial. In disgust the Stanley sisters turned to dancing together. "Say, Dick, I think this wind is going to blow up a storm," winked Ken as they cast about for some other excuse to avoid the dance floor when this one was worn out.

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either Vira and Glenn or Rae and Jack Curtis. "The girl turned to go. "You forgot one!" She looked about hurriedly, caught sight of Professor Varlo and deftly removed the studs from his dress shirt, almost literally tearing them out. Then he suddenly turned and the two backed off the porch to make their get-away. "Now, freeze! Understand? Quiet! We got another engagement, too, tonight!" The moment that they were gone Ken took a step toward the telephone. A shot rang out, penetrating the ceiling over his head, harmlessly. But none needed a further hint from the shadows. It was only when the barking of a deep-lunged racer was wafted in over the howling of the storm that Easton thought it safe to grab off the receiver. "Wires cut!" he exclaimed as he uselessly jiggled the hook. There was no response. "Ken, I think I hear Laddie peened up in the cellar. Release him. Take your flyover station wagon, get over to the Club and get Kennedy and Jameson. Dick, you can start to trace out the telephone wires where they enter the house on the corner. Find the break, if you can." "What's the matter with the lights?" it was Glenn and Vira who had come in. "Where were you?" asked Easton. "Just out on the porch—parked, watching the storm, and the lights went out. We thought we heard voices." "Very likely you did," returned Easton dryly as Vira seemed suddenly to realize what had happened. "It must have been some people in that yellow tractor." (To be continued.)

## Mock Mahogany.

When desiring to stain light-colored wood a good mahogany color, a method that produces the best results, while at the same time requiring only one coat of the stain is as follows:

Before applying the stain, procure some permanganate of potash. Dissolve this in enough water to make a good rich reddish brown shade, and apply it to the wood with a clean brush. When dry, apply mahogany stain or stain and varnish combined. If a very silky finish is desired, use both stain and varnish, then very gently rub down the varnish with fine sandpaper or powdered pumice, afterward applying a coat of liquid wax as a final finish. This use of the permanganate of potash as a first coat furnishes a good body color.

## Sentence Sermons.

The Most Unfortunate Man—Always has a chance until he gives up.  
—Never gains anything by self-pity.  
—Never helps his cause by knocking other people.  
—Will always be able to find someone with whom he would not trade places.  
—Is the one who has to provide roots for the chickens that are coming home.  
—Never meets a worse misfortune than the loss of self respect.  
—Is the one who is enslaved to his own habits, passions and emotions.



Delayed by a Wreck.  
"Jim says he was delayed in getting back by a wreck."  
"Wreck is right—I saw her!"

## June on the Merrimac.

Here can't forget his dreary tone,  
And care his face forlorn;  
The liberal air and sunshine laugh  
The bigot's zeal to scorn.

From manhood's weary shoulder falls  
His load of selfish cares,  
And woman takes her rights as  
flowers  
And brooks and birds take theirs.

The license of the happy woods,  
The brook's release are ours;  
The freedom of the unshamed wind  
Among the glad-eyed flowers.

We walk on holy ground; above  
A sky more holy smiles;  
The chant of the beatitudes  
Swells down these leafy aisles.

Thanks to the gracious Providence  
That brings us here once more,  
For memories of the good behind  
And hopes of good before!

—Whittier.

## Flowers and Gems for the Year.

January, Snowdrop, Carnot. February, Primrose, Amethyst. March, Violet, Aqua marine. April, Daisy, Diamond. May, Hawthorn or apple blossom, Emerald. June, Rose, Pearl. July, Poppy, Ruby. August, Water-lily, Sardonyx. September, Morning-glory or golden-rod, Sapphire, October, Aster, Opal. November, Chrysanthemum, Topaz. December, Holly, Turquoise.

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## NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Insanities, in addition to the Nurses and Allied Professions, New York City, offers a three-year course of training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of specialized instruction. The Hospital has adopted the best and latest methods. The quality of the instruction is of the highest, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write to the Superintendent.

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## SAWS

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IT'S so strong you could stand on it without doing it any harm. The rubbing surface is heavy SMP Pearl Enamel, positively smooth as glass, but unlike glass, it cannot break. And it won't wear out, like zinc. The back is heavily re-inforced with wood. It's a washboard that will last for many years, and remember, it is SMP-made.

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